The HISTORY of Mistris

JANE SHORE:

Concubine to King *Edward* the fourth, who was Wife to one *Matthew Shore*, a Goldsmith in LONDON.

Wherein is declared her wanton life, with her miserable end, and death of her husband.

THE DESCRIPTION OF Mis. *Jane Shore.*

THis Womans beauty hath been highly praiſed by a famous writer that lived in her time, named *Thomas Moor*, who deſcribed her in this manner.

Before her death ſhe was poor and aged, her ſtature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eyes gray, her body fat, white, and ſmooth, her countenance cheerful, like to her conditions. There is a Picture of hers to be ſeen in *London*, it is ſuch as ſhe was when ſhe roſe out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle caſt under her arm, over which her naked arm did lye.

What her Fathers name is, or where ſhe was born, is not certainly known, but her husband *Matth. Shore*, a young

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Man of right good Parentage, wealth,
and behaviour, abondon'd her bed after
the King had made her his Concubine,

The History of Mistris *Jane Shore*, with her life and death.

Of the Marriage of *Jane Shore*, with the Kings wooing of her.

IF Rosamond that was so fair,
Had cause her sorrows to declare
Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing
That was beloved of a King:
In Maiden years my beauty bright
Was loved dear of Lord and Knight,
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd
My Parents they for thirst of gain,
A Husband for me did obtain;
And I their pleasure to fulfil,
Was forc'd to wed against my will:
To Mathew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life,
And then my life so lewdly spent,
Now makes my soul for to lament

In Lumbard-ſtreet I once did dwell,
As London yet can witneſs well,
Where many gallants did behold
My beauty in a ſhop of Gold:
I ſpread my plumes as wantons do,
Some ſweet and ſecret friend to woe,
Becauſe my love I did not find,
Agreeing to my wanton mind.

At laſt my name in Court did ring,
Into the ears of Englands King
Who came and lik'd and love requir'd,
But I made coy what he deſir'd:
Yet Miſtreſs Blague a neighbour ne'r,
Whoſe friendſhip I eſteemed dear,
Did ſay it was a gallant thing:
To be beloved of a King.

By her perswasions I was led,
For to defile my Marriage bed,
& wrong'd my wedded husband Shore
Whom I had lov'd ten years before

Of her going to the Court, with her deeds of Charity, the Kings death and her punishment.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce:
That I had made so sweet a choice,
And therefore did my Estate resign
To be King Edwards Concubine;

From City then to Court I went
To reap the pleasures of Content,
And had the joys that love could bring
And knew the secrets of a King,
When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Pistrils Blague I in short space
Obtain'd a living of his Grace.
No friend I had but in short time
I made unto promotion climb:

But

But yet for all this costly Pride,
My Husband could not me abide:
His bed though wronged by a King
His heart with grief did deadly sting.
From England then he goes away,
To end his life upon the Sea,
He could not live to see his name
Impared by my wanton shame:
Although a Prince of Peerless might
Did reap the pleasures of his right
Long time I lived in the Court,
With Lords and Ladies of great port,
For when I smil'd all men were glad
But when I mourn'd my Prince grew sad
But yet an honest mind I bore,
To helpless people that were poor,
I still redrest the Orphans cry
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to dye,
I still had ruth on Widdows tears
I succour'd Babes of tender years,
And never lookt for other gain,
But Love and thanks for all my pain.
At last my Royal King did dye,
And then my days of woe grew nigh
When Crookback Rich. got the Crown;
King Ed. friends were soon put down,
I then was punisht for my sin
That I so long had lived in.

Yea,

Yea every one that was his friend
This Tyrant brought to shameful end
Then for my rude and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a Wife
I pennance did in Lnmbard-street
In shameful manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me view
Who late in Court my Credit knew,
which made ỹ tears run down my face
To think upon my soul disgrace:
Not thus content they took from me
My Goods, my Livings, and my Fée
And charg'd that none should me relieve
Nor any succor to me give.
Then unto Mistris Blague I went
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want
When riches fail'd and love grew scant
But she denī'd to me the same,
When in my need for them I came;
To recompense my former love,
Out of her doors she did me shove:
So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty;
But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me.
For which by law it was decreed,
That he was hanged for that deed:
His death did grieve me so much more,
Then had I died my self therefore:

Then

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not restore me any food;
Whereby in vain I beg'd all day,
And still in streets by night I lay.
My gowns beset with Pearl and Gold
Are turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and jems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsom things,
Thus was I scorn'd of Maid and wife
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small
Did make a pastime at my fall,

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed.
Nor drink but such as channels yield,
Or sticking ditches in the field:

Of

Of her death and lamentable end.

Thus weary of my life at length
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a Ditch of loathsome scent
Where carrion dogs do much frequent
The which now since my dying day,
Is Shoreditch tal'd as writers say:
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being Concubine to a King:
You wanton wives that fall to luff,
Be you assur'd that God is just,
Whoredom shall not escape his hand,
Nor Pride unpunisht in this Land;
If God to me such shame should bring,
That yielded only to a King;
How shall they escape that daily run,
To practice sin with every Man:
You Husbands match not but for love,
Least some disliking after prove,
Women be warn'd when you are wives
What plagues are due to sinful lives.
Then Maids and wives in time amend,
For love and Beauty will have end.

FINIS.

The Hiſtory of Mr. *Matthew Shor* wherein is ſhewed his ſorrowful Lamentation.

IF ſhe that was fair Londons pride,
For beauty fam'd both far and wide,
With ſwan-like ſong in ſadneſs told
Her deep diſtreſſes manifold.

Then

Then in the same let me also,
Now bear a part of such like woe..
Kind Matthew Shore men called me,
A Goldsmith once of good degree,
And might have lived long therein
Had not my Wife been wed to sin :

Ah

Ah gentle Jane, thy wanton race,
Hath brought me to this foul disgrace.
Thou hadst all things at wish and will
Thy wanton fancy to fulfill.

No London Dame, nor Merchants wife
Did lead so swæt and pleasant life,
Then gentle Jane the truth report
Why left'st thou me to live in Court?
Thou hadst both Gold and silver store
No wife in London then had more:
And once a week to walk in field,
To see what pleasure it would yeild,
But woe to me that liberty
Hath brought me to this misery:
I married thee whilst thou wert young
Before thou knew'st what did belong
To husbands love or marriage state,
Which now my soul repents too late:
Thus wanton Pride made thée unjust,
And so deceived was my trust.
But when the King possest my Rom,
And cropt my Rosie gallant bloom,
Fair Londons blossom and my joy,
My heart was drown'd in deep annoy:
To think how unto publique shame,
Thy wicked life brought my good name
And then I thought each man & wife,
In jesting sort accus'd my life,
And every one to the other said,
That Shores fair wife the wanton plaid
Thereby in mind I grew to change
My dwelling in some Country straunge.

My

My Lands and Goods I sold away,
And so from England went to Sea;

Oppress with grief and woful mind
But left my cause of grief behind.
My loving Wife whom I once thought
Would never be to lewdness brought.

But women now I well espy,
Are subject to inconstancy;
And few there be so true of love,
But by long suit will wanton prove,
For flesh is frail and women weak
When Kings for love long suit do make
But yet from England my depart,
Was with a sad and heavy heart,
Whereat when as my leave I took,
I sent back many a heavy look,
Desiring God if it might be,
To send our sigh swéet Jane to thée.
For if thou hadst but constant béen,
These days of woe I ne'r had séen,
But yet I grieve and mourn full sore,
To think what plagues are left in store
For such as careless tread away,
The nearest path of constancy:
Ah gentle Jane if thou didst know,
The uncouth paths I daily go,
And woful tears for thée I shed,
For wronging thus my Marriage bed,
Then sure I am thou wouldst confess,
My love was sure though in distress:
Both Flanders, France, and Spain I past
And came to Turky at the last;
And there within that mighty Court,
I lived long in sweet sort,

Desiring

Mistris *Jane Shore.*

Desiring God that sits in Heaven,
That Lovers sins might be forgiven;
And there advant'd thy loving name,
Of living Wights the fairest Dame.
The praise of Englands beauty stain,
All which thy Husband did maintain,
And set thy picture there in gold,
For Kings and Princes to behold;

ut when I thought upon thy sin,
Thy wanton thoughts delighted in;
I griev'd that such a comely face,
Should hold true honour in disgrace,
And counted it a luckless day,
When as thou first didst go astray;
Desiring then some news to hear,
Of her my soul did love so dear,
My secrets then I did impart,
To one well skil'd in Magick Art,
Who in a Glass did truly show,
Such things as I desire to know,
There did see thy Courtly state,
Thy pomp, thy Pride, thy Glory great
And likewise there I did behold
My Jane in Edwards arm infold.
Thy secret love I there espy'd,
Thy rise, thy fall, and how thou died,
Thy naked body in the street,
I saw do Penance in a sheet:
Barefoot before the Beadles wand
With burning taper in thy hand,
And Babes not having use of tongue,
Stood pointing as she went along:
Thus ended was the shame of thine,
Though God gave yet no end to mine;

When

When I suppos'd my name forgot,
And time had wrought away my blot,
And in another Princes Reign,
I came to England back again:
But staying there my friends decay'd,
My Princes Laws I disobey'd,
And by true justice judg'd to die,
For clipping Gold in secresie.

By

By Gold was my best living made,
And so by gold my life decai'd.

Thus have you heard the woful strife,
That came by my inconstant Wife;
Her fall, my Death, wherein is shew'd
The story of a Strumpet Lewd.
In hope thereby all women may,
Take heed how they the wanton play.

FINIS.